

The Mirror

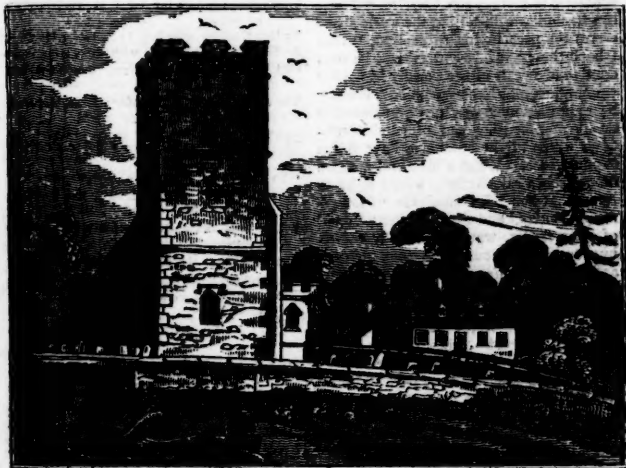
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXXXVIII.] SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1826.

[PRICE 2d.]

Birth-place of Bloomfield.—Honington Church.



Who has not read and been delighted with the "Farmer's Boy" of Robert Bloomfield, one of the self-taught children of nature, whose talents have raised them to eminence and a never-dying fame? Bloomfield, a view of whose birth-place and parish church adorns our present Number, was one of those heaven-gifted minds which are not of every day growth—a poet, whose unassuming but undisputed claims raised him suddenly from obscurity to fame, from the pressure of poverty to comparative comfort, and from mechanical toil to literary ease.

Robert Bloomfield was born at Honington, a small village about eight miles from Bury, in Suffolk, in the year 1766. He was one of six children of a tailor in middling circumstances, who was not enabled to give him more than a common education, for the acquirement of which he was indebted to his mother, who kept a school, and gave him all the instruction which she was enabled to bestow. He learned to read as soon as he could speak, and his mother having lost her husband, remarried when Bloomfield was not more than seven years old. At the age of eleven he was obliged to accept the menial office of

a farmer's boy, to attend the workmen in the field. In the intervals of his labours, that native genius, which sooner or later bursts the bonds of slavery, led him to peruse such books as came within his reach, and whatever newspapers he could obtain; even at that early age he wrote a small poem, which he sent for insertion to the Editor of the "London Magazine," and had the pleasure of seeing it in print. He next turned his attention to poetry during the hours of relaxation from toil, and composed many pieces, even in the midst of his occupation; he had also a taste for music, playing very decently on the violin; his imagination, however, was heated with the fine descriptions which he had read in the poets of celebrity, particularly Thomson; and, disengaged from the bustle and care of a city, he planned and executed his "Farmer's Boy," a work, which, as a descriptive poem, possesses original genius and a happy facility in composition. Robert married about this time, and entered into trade. His poem fell into the hands of Mr. Capel Lofft, who revised it, and prepared it for the press, bestowed on the author his protection, printed it at his own ex-

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pense, and wrote the preface. On its first appearance it was highly approved of, and passed through many editions in a very short time; it fully established the claim of the author to the title of poet, and stamped his name with the honour of genius. Of all Bloomfield's published works, no volume has alone so much interest as his "Wild Flowers," which was dedicated to his only son, Charles. "There can be no harm in telling the world," observes the poet in his dedication, "that I hope these 'Wild Flowers' will be productive of sweets of the worldly kind; for your unfortunate lameness, should it never be removed, may preclude you from the means of procuring comforts and advantages which might otherwise have fallen to your share. What a blessing, what an unspeakable satisfaction, would it be to know that the 'Ballads,' the 'Ploughman's Stories,' and the 'Broken Crutch' of your father, would eventually contribute to lighten your steps in manhood, and make your own crutch, through life, rather a memorial of affection than an object of sorrow!"

Poor Bloomfield, though encouraged when his genius first blazed on the world, lived to experience coldness, if not neglect, and his circumstances were certainly not so comfortable as they ought to have been; his constitution too, which was naturally weak, had of late years become alarmingly impaired; every fresh attack left him still weaker, and on the 19th of August, 1823, this amiable man and delightful poet breathed his last, at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, in the 57th year of his age. The last production from the pen of Bloomfield is entitled "Hazlewood Hall," a village drama, in three acts; and the preface is dated from the place of his death, the 12th of April, four months before his decease.

Our engraving embraces not only a view of the cottage in which Bloomfield was born at Honington, but also a view of the parish church of this his native village.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

(For the Mirror.)

WHILE seasons keep rolling, and ages glide by,
Like clouds in their circuit, beneath the blue sky,
Shall the proud sons of wealth bid the poor man begone,
Whom the sun beams of luxury never shone on?
Oh, no!—nor the cry, how'er simple it runs,
The cry on Good Friday of—"Buns, hot cross buns."

The bun, like a relic of truth, brings to mind,
How the mighty REDEEMER once died for mankind!

Like a record portrays where the sceptic waves
toss,
How he bled, and for man, on the soul-saving cross!
Oh! blame not the cry, then, though simple it runs,
The cry on Good Friday of—"Buns, hot cross buns."

The infidel shudders that ne'er shook before,
When death points the dart that proclaims he's no more,
To that God prays for help he had dared to deny,
And calls for forgiveness with life's latest sigh!
Oh! blame not the cry, then, though simple it runs,
The cry on Good Friday of—"Buns, hot cross buns."

There's a balm in that voice which endearingly cries,
"The soul shall exist when mortality dies!"
There's a sweet in that thought like the rose's sweet breath,
Which tells and makes certain a triumph over death!
Oh! blame not the cry, then, though simple it runs,
The cry on Good Friday of—"Buns, hot cross buns."

UTOPIA.

CONTRASTS AND COMPARISONS;

OR, THE CONTRAST BETWEEN MAN AND MAN, AND THE SIMILITUDE BETWEEN THE TWO MOST LORDLY ANIMALS IN THE CREATION—THE LION AND THE ELEPHANT.

(For the Mirror.)

THE destruction of the majestic Chuni,* at Exeter 'Change, has created a very great sensation throughout London and its environs. It is impossible to contemplate the wonderful powers of so stupendous a beast, and not regret the unavoidable necessity which existed of depriving it of life; but while we mourn over the procrastinated sufferings of the noble elephant, we contrast the conduct of Mr. Cross, with that of the mercenary proprietor of Nero, that magnanimous lion, who would have flown to the rescue of its unfortunate companion. The cruelty exhibited at the lion-fight at Warwick, cannot be forgotten by that portion of the public who pitied Nero, and execrated the scene he was compelled to figure in; there, the desire of gain, though purchased at the price of savage barbarity, influenced the torture inflicted on a generous, unoffending animal;—here, the greatest pecuniary sacrifices have been made, and the welfare of society studied by the extinction of a creature,

* An engraving and description of which will be found in No. CLXXXVI. of the MIRROR.

which, though equally amiable in its own inherent qualities, yet from a combination of circumstances was likely to prove a dangerous object. If the fate of Chuny has produced such interest with the populace, no doubt it has exposed the feelings of its owner to a severe test, the hand that protected it must have trembled when signing its death-warrant; but when he saw it breathless, his natural exclamation must have been, "I have done this for the good of the public." Mr. Wombwell, on the contrary, if he possesses the slightest feeling, cannot look upon his gentle Nero without a sensation of remorse at that inordinate cupidty which could induce him to torment it wantonly for the purpose of draining the pockets of a senseless rabble, and brutalizing their minds more than nature had already done.

PHILOCOSMOS.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE FAIR.

Who's there?—A dog! that comes to howl at yonder moon;

What's he that asks the question?—A friend to dogs!

For they are honest creatures, and ne'er betray their masters.

Never fawn on any that they love not.

O, jocund Muse! thy gayer notes restrain,
Depress the chords, and sound a pensive strain;
For gentle Myra, sympathize ye fair,
Hath breath'd her spirit to the ambient air;
And thou, Melpomene, with roscid eye,
Attir'd in vestments of a sable dye,
Instruct the Muse, and o'er the scene preside,
Say how admir'd she liv'd, lamented died,
Tell in what virtues she did most excel.
Point out her beauties, on her graces dwell.
What firm attachment sway'd her generous breast.

What worthy actions gratitude express—
Thus shall the Muse a faithful portrait give,
And Myra's fame to endless ages live.

Daughter of Suedia! still methinks I view
Thy youthful charms, when rays of golden hue
Converging points on the dark agate shed,
And o'er thy frame the spotted ebony spread;
When the full lustre of thy bright dark eye
With pleasure sparkled, or uprais'd on high
With graceful flirt, thy sleeky velvet ears,
Which scap'd the scission of the barb'rous shears;
When, like the fawn, thou track'd with speed
Th' elastic verdure of the flowery mead;
Or trac'd with cautious step thy path among
The winding mazes of the busy throng.
But who can Time arrest, or thwart his pow'r?
Beauty and youth, the pageant of an hour!
With gradual steps the monarch plods his way,
Till the last moment of his ruthless sway;
Though faded lineaments and frozen pace
Betray'd the relics of the tyrant's race,
Yet to the last that eye with brilliance fir'd,
And its last ray in grateful beams expir'd.

* A native of Sweden, A.D. 1813.

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No more thy friends thou meet'st with smiling eye,
Nor with loud voice proclaim'st the stranger nigh;

Thy reign of conquest now, alas! is o'er,
No favourite lover hovers near thy door,
To breathe the tender sigh, how lov'd, how dear,
Or pour soft flattery to the listening ear;
Thy bright'ning features e'er with pleasure glow'd,

When the soft stream of adulation flow'd;
But 'tis thy sex's foible, and their heart
Is oft bewilder'd by the faithless art;
Nor theirs alone, but manhood's 'twill entwine—
All with submission bend at flattery's shrine.
How did thy beauty canine bosoms fire,
And even courage to the weak inspire;
But rival lovers shall no more contend,
Or court thy smiles to kind compliance bend;
Their arts how futile! coaxing, fawning, vain,
For not more chaste could Diun's self remain.

Torn from thy native clime by strangers' hands,
A refuge found in fair Britannia's lands;
There were thy days with endless comforts blest,
No care e'er harass'd, ne'er by toil deprest,
Nor want a chill hand, or stern coercive pow'r,
But kind indulgence mark'd thy latest hour;
Heedless of man's debate, or mundane strife,
Thirteen bright summers view'd thy happy life,
Nature no longer could her pow'r's command,
But peaceful sank beneath Death's icy hand.

'Tis a chief duty man to creatures owe,
To render sweet the little life they know;
One narrow circle doth their joys impart,
No future prospect cheers the quiv'ring heart;
Here is the human hope! the Christian's stay!
Th' effulgent rays illumine the setting day,
While heavenly Seraphim attendant near,
Wait the freed spirit to a brighter sphere.
But the last moments of th' expiring mute—
ETERNAL DEATH! the struggle how acute!
Did not that Pow'r which limits thus the chain,
Denying reason, mitigate the pain.

CLAYTON.

LITERAL SIGNIFICATION OF THE PRINCIPAL MALE AND FEMALE CHRISTIAN NAMES.

WITH THE LANGUAGES FROM WHICH THEY ARE DERIVED.

(For the Mirror.)

AARON, *Hebrew*, a mountain.
Abel, *Heb.* vanity.
Abraham, *Heb.* the father of many.
Absalom, *Heb.* the father's peace.
Achilles, *Greek*, a freer from pain.
Adam, *Heb.* red earth.
Adolphus, *Saxon*, happiness and help.
Adrian, *Latin*, helper.
Alfège, *Sax.* always merry.
Alan, *British*, swift like a greyhound.
Albert, *Sax.* all bright.
Aldred, *Sax.* the dread of all.
Alexander, *Gr.* a helper of men.
Alfred, *Sax.* all peace.

- Alfric, *German*, all rich.
 Alphonso, *Gothic*, our help.
 Alwin, *Sax.* winning all.
 Ambrose, *Gr.* immortal.
 Amos, *Heb.* a burden.
 Andrew, *Gr.* courageous.
 Andronicus, *Gr.* a conqueror of men.
 Anselm, *Ger.* a defender.
 Anthony, *Lat.* flourishing.
 Apelles, *Gr.* not black at all.
 Archibald, *Ger.* a bold observer.
 Arnold, *Ger.* a maintainer of honour.
 Arthur, *Brit.* a strong man.
 Augustus, } *Lat.* venerable, grand.
 Augustin, }
 Baldwin, *Ger.* a bold winner.
 Bardulph, *Ger.* a famous helper.
 Barnaby, *Heb.* a prophet's son.
 Bartholomew, *Heb.* the son of him who
 made the waters to rise.
 Basil, *Gr.* kindly.
 Beaumont, *French*, a pretty mount.
 Bede, *Sax.* prayer.
 Beavis, *Fr.* fair to look upon.
 Benjamin, *Heb.* the son of a right hand.
 Bennet, *Lat.* blessed.
 Bernard, *Ger.* bear's heart.
 Bertram, *Ger.* fair, illustrious.
 Blase, *Gr.* sprouting forth.
 Bonaventure, *Italian*, good adventure.
 Boniface, *Lat.* a well-doer.
 Brian, *Fr.* having a thundering voice.
 Cadwallader, *Brit.* valiant in war.
 Cæsar, *Lat.* adorned with hair.
 Caleb, *Heb.* a dog.
 Cecil, *Lat.* dim sighted.
 Charles, *Ger.* noble spirited.
 Christopher, *Gr.* bearing Christ.
 Clement, *Lat.* mild tempered.
 Conrade, *Ger.* able counsel.
 Constantine, *Lat.* resolute.
 Crispin, *Lat.* having curled locks.
 Cuthbert, *Sax.* known famously.
 Daniel, *Heb.* God is judge.
 David, *Heb.* well beloved.
 Demetrius, *Gr.* sprung from the earth.
 Denis, *Gr.* belonging to the god of wine.
 Dunstan, *Sax.* most high.
 Edgar, *Sax.* happy honour.
 Edmund, *Sax.* happy peace.
 Edward, *Sax.* happy keeper.
 Edwin, *Sax.* happy conqueror.
 Egbert, *Sax.* ever bright.
 Eleazar, *Heb.* the God of help.
 Eldred, *Sax.* terrible.
 Elijah, *Heb.* God, the Lord.
 Elisha, *Heb.* the salvation of God.
 Emmanuel, *Heb.* God with us.
 Enoch, *Heb.* instructed or dedicated.
 Ephraim, *Heb.* fruitful.
 Erasmus, *Gr.* lovely, worthy to be loved.
 Ernest, *Gr.* earnest, serious.
 Esau, *Heb.* completed.
 Ethelbald, *Sax.* nobly bold.
 Ethelbert, *Sax.* nobly bright.
 Ethelfred, *Sax.* noble peace.
 Ethelfred, *Sax.* noble in counsel.
 Ethelstan, *Sax.* a noble jewel.
 Ethelwald, *Sax.* a noble keeper.
 Ethelwold, *Sax.* a noble governor.
 Evan or Ivon, *Brit.* the same as John.
 Everard, *Ger.* well reported.
 Eugene, *Gr.* nobly descended.
 Eusebius, *Gr.* religious.
 Eustace, *Gr.* standing firm.
 Ezekiel, *Heb.* the strength of God.
 Ezra, *Heb.* a helper.
 Felix, *Lat.* happy.
 Ferdinand, *Ger.* pure peace.
 Fortunatus, *Lat.* happy.
 Francia, *Ger.* free.
 Frederic, *Ger.* rich peace.
 Gabriel, *Heb.* the strength of God.
 Geoffrey, *Ger.* joyful.
 George, *Gr.* a husbandman.
 Gerard, *Sax.* all towardliness.
 German, *Lat.* a near kinsman.
 Gervase, *Ger.* all sure.
 Gideon, *Heb.* a breaker.
 Gilbert, *Sax.* bright as gold.
 Giles, *Gr.* a little goat.
 Godard, *Ger.* a godly disposition.
 Godrey, *Ger.* God's peace.
 Godwin, *Ger.* victorious in God.
 Griffith, *Brit.* having great faith.
 Guy, *Fr.* the mistletoe shrub.
 Hannibal, *Punic*, a gracious lord.
 Harold, *Sax.* a champion.
 Hector, *Gr.* a stout defender.
 Henry, *Ger.* a rich lord.
 Herbert, *Ger.* a bright lord.
 Hercules, *Gr.* the glory of Hera or Juno.
 Hezekiah, *Heb.* cleaving to the Lord.
 Hilary, *Lat.* merry, cheerful.
 Horatio, *Ital.* worthy to be beheld.
 Howel, *Brit.* sound, or whole.
 Hubert, *Ger.* a bright colour.
 Hugh, *Dutch*, high, lofty.
 Humphrey, *Ger.* domestic peace.
 Jacob, *Heb.* a supplanter.
 James or Jacques, beguiling.
 Ingram, *Ger.* of angelic purity.
 Joab, *Heb.* fatherhood.
 Job, *Heb.* sorrowing.
 Joel, *Heb.* acquiescing.
 John, *Heb.* the grace of the Lord.
 Jonah, *Heb.* a dove.
 Jonathan, *Heb.* the gift of the Lord.
 Joscelin, *Ger.* just.
 Joseph, *Heb.* addition.
 Josias, *Heb.* the fire of the Lord.
 Joshua, *Heb.* a Saviour.
 Isaac, *Heb.* laughter.
 Israel, *Heb.* prevailing with God.
 Judah, *Heb.* confession.
 Kenard, *Sax.* of a kind nature.
 Kenelm, *Sax.* a defence of his kindred.
 Lambert, *Sax.* a fair lamb.
 Lancelot, *Spanish*, a little lance.
 Laurence, *Lat.* crowned with laurel

- Iassus, *Heb.* destitute of help.
 Leonard, *Ger.* like a lion.
 Leopold, *Ger.* defending the people.
 Lewellin, *Brit.* like a lion.
 Lewis, *Fr.* the defender of the people.
 Lionel, *Lat.* a little lion.
 Lodowic, *Sax.* the defence of the people.
 Lucius, *Lat.* shining.
 Luke, *Gr.* a wood or grove.
 Malachi, *Heb.* my messenger.
 Mark, *Lat.* a hammer.
 Marmaduke, *Ger.* a mighty duke or lord.
 Martin, *Lat.* martial.
 Matthew, *Heb.* a gift or present.
 Maurice, *Lat.* sprung of a Moor.
 Meredith, *Brit.* the roaring of the sea.
 Michael, *Heb.* who is like God?
 Morgan, *Brit.* a mariner.
 Moses, *Heb.* drawn out.
 Narcissus, *Gr.* a daffodil.
 Nathaniel, *Heb.* the gift of God.
 Neal, *Fr.* somewhat black.
 Nicolas, *Gr.* victorious over the people.
 Noel, *Fr.* belonging to one's nativity.
 Norman, *Fr.* one born in Normandy.
 Obadiah, *Heb.* the servant of the Lord.
 Oliver, *Lat.* an olive.
 Orlando, *Ital.* counsel for the land.
 Osmund, *Sax.* house peace.
 Oswald, *Sax.* ruler of a house.
 Owen, *Brit.* well descended.
 Patrick, *Lat.* a nobleman.
 Paul, *Lat.* small, little.
 Percival, *Fr.* a place in France.
 Peregrine, *Lat.* outlandish.
 Peter, *Gr.* a rock or stone.
 Philémon, *Gr.* saluting.
 Philip, *Gr.* a lover of horses.
 Phineas, *Heb.* of bold countenance.
 Ptolemy, *Gr.* mighty in war.
 Quintin, *Lat.* belonging to five.
 Ralph, contracted from Radolph, or
 Randal or Ranulph, *Sax.* pure help.
 Raymund, *Ger.* quiet peace.
 Reuben, *Heb.* the son of vision.
 Reynold, *Ger.* a lover of purity.
 Richard, *Sax.* powerful.
 Robert, *Ger.* famous in counsel.
 Roger, *Ger.* strong counsel.
 Rowland, *Ger.* counsel for the land.
 Rufus, *Lat.* reddish.
 Solomon, *Heb.* peaceable.
 Samson, *Heb.* a little son.
 Samuel, *Heb.* heard by God.
 Saul, *Heb.* desired.
 Sebastian, *Gr.* to be revered.
 Simeon, *Heb.* hearing.
 Simon, *Heb.* obedient.
 Stephen, *Gr.* a crown or garland.
 Swithin, *Sax.* very high.
 Thaddeus, *Syriac.* a breast.
 Theobald, *Sax.* bold over the people.
 Theodore, *Gr.* the gift of God.
 Theodosius, *Gr.* given of God.
 Theophilus, *Gr.* a lover of God.
 Thomas, *Heb.* a twin.
 Thurstan, *Ger.* faithful.
 Timothy, *Gr.* a fearer of God.
 Toby or Tobias, *Heb.* the goodness of
 the Lord.
 Tristram, *Lat.* sorrowful.
 Valentine, *Lat.* powerful.
 Vincent, *Lat.* conquering.
 Vivian, *Lat.* living.
 Urbane, *Lat.* courteous.
 Walter, *Ger.* a wood master.
 Walwin, *Ger.* a conqueror.
 William, *Ger.* defending many.
 Zaccheus, *Syr.* innocent.
 Zachary, *Heb.* remembering the Lord.
 Zebedee, *Syr.* having an inheritance.
 Zedekiah, *Heb.* the justice of the Lord.
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- Abigail, *Heb.* the father's joy.
 Adeline, *Ger.* a princess.
 Agatha, *Gr.* good.
 Agnes, *Gr.* chaste.
 Alethea, *Gr.* the truth.
 Althea, *Gr.* hunting.
 Alice, Alicia, *Ger.* noble.
 Amy, Amelia, *Fr.* a beloved.
 Anna, Anne, or Hannah, *Heb.* gracious.
 Arabella, *Lat.* a fair altar.
 Aureola, *Lat.* like gold.
 Barbara, *Lat.* foreign or strange.
 Beatrice, *Lat.* making happy.
 Benedicta, *Lat.* blessed.
 Bernice, *Gr.* bringing victory.
 Bertha, *Gr.* bright or famous.
 Blanche, *Fr.* fair.
 Bona, *Lat.* good.
 Bridget, *Irish.* shining bright.
 Cassandra, *Gr.* a reformer of men.
 Catharine, *Gr.* pure or clean.
 Charity, *Gr.* love, bounty.
 Charlotte, *Fr.* all noble.
 Caroline, *feminine of Carolus, the Latin*
of Charles, noble spirited.
 Chloe, *Gr.* a green herb.
 Christiana, *Gr.* belonging to Christ.
 Cecilia, *Lat.* from Cecil.
 Cicely, a corruption of Cecilia.
 Clara, *Lat.* clear or bright.
 Constance, *Lat.* constant.
 Damaris, *Gr.* a little wife.
 Deborah, *Heb.* a bee.
 Diana, *Gr.* Jupiter's daughter.
 Dorcas, *Gr.* a wild roe.
 Dorothy, *Gr.* the gift of God.
 Drusilla, *Gr.* dewy eyes.
 Dulsabella, *Lat.* sweet and fair.
 Eadith, *Sax.* happiness.
 Eleanor, *Sax.* all fruitful.
 Eliza, Elizabeth, *Heb.* the oath of God.
 Emily, *corrupted from Amelia.*
 Emma, *Ger.* a nurse.
 Esther, Hesther, *Heb.* secret.
 Eve, *Heb.* causing life.
 Eunice, *Gr.* fair victory.
 Eudola, *Gr.* prospering in the way.

Frances, *Ger.* free.
 Gertrude, *Ger.* all truth.
 Grace, *Lat.* favour.
 Hagar, *Heb.* a stranger.
 Helena, *Gr.* alluring.
 Jane, *softened from Joan, or*
 Janne, *the feminine of John.*
 Janet, Jeannette, little Jane.
 Joyce, *Fr.* pleasant.
 Isabella, *Span.* fair Eliza.
 Judith, *Heb.* praising.
 Julia, Juliana, *feminine of Julius.*
 Kunigunda, *Ger.* the king's favour.
 Lettice, } *Lat.* joy or gladness.
 Letitia, }
 Lois, *Gr.* better.
 Lucretia, *Lat.* a chaste Roman lady.
 Lucy, *Lat.* feminine of Lucius.
 Lydia, *Gr.* descended from Lud.
 Mabel, *Lat.* lovely.
 Magdalene, } *Syr.* magnifioent.
 Maudlin, }
 Margaret, *Ger.* a pearl.
 Martha, *Heb.* bitterness.
 Mary, *Heb.* bitter.
 Maud, } *Gr.* a lady of honour.
 Matilda, }
 Melicent, *Fr.* sweet as honey.
 Mercy, *English,* compassion.
 Mildred, *Sax.* speaking mild.
 Nest, *Brit.* the same as Agnes.
 Nicola, *Gr.* feminine of Nicolas.
 Olympia, *Gr.* heavenly.
 Orabilis, *Lat.* to be entreated.
 Parnel, *or* Petronilla, little Peter.
 Patience, *Lat.* bearing patiently.
 Paulina, *Lat.* feminine of Paulinus.
 Penelope, *Gr.* a turkey.
 Persis, *Gr.* a destroying.
 Philadelphia, *Gr.* brotherly love.
 Philippa, *Gr.* feminine of Philip.
 Phoebe, *Gr.* the light of life.
 Phyllis, *Gr.* a green bough.
 Priscilla, *Lat.* somewhat old.
 Prudence, *Lat.* discretion.
 Psyche, *Gr.* the soul.
 Rachel, *Heb.* a lamb.
 Rebecca, *Heb.* fat or plump.
 Rhode, *Gr.* a rose.
 Rosamund, *Sax.* rose of peace.
 Rosa, *Lat.* a rose.
 Rosecleer, *Eng.* a fair rose.
 Rosabella, *Ital.* a fair rose.
 Ruth, *Heb.* trembling.
 Sabina, *Lat.* sprung from the Sabines.
 Salome, *Heb.* perfect.
 Sapphira, *Gr.* like a sapphire stone.
 Sarah, *Heb.* a princess.
 Sibylla, *Gr.* the counsel of God.
 Sophia, *Gr.* wisdom.
 Sopronia, *Gr.* of a sound mind.
 Susan, Susanna, *Heb.* a lily.
 Tabitha, *Syr.* a roe.
 Temperance, *Lat.* moderation.
 Theodosia, *Gr.* given by God.

Tryphosa, *Gr.* delicious.
 Tryphena, *Gr.* delicate.
 Vida, *Erse,* feminine of David.
 Ursula, *Lat.* a female bear.
 Walburg, *Sax.* gracious.
 Winifred, *Sax.* winning peace.
 Zenobia, *Gr.* the life of Jupiter.

CLAVIS.

ON FIRST SEEING THE PICTURE OF A DEAD GIRL

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

THE same—and, oh, how beautiful!—the same
 As memory meets thee through the mist of
 years!

Loye's roses on thy cheek, and feeling a flame
 Lightening an eye unchang'd in all but tears!
 Upon thy sever'd lips the very smile
 Remember'd well, the sunlight of my youth;
 But now the shadow that would steal the while,
 To dim its brightness, and to mock its truth;
 Once more I see thee as I saw thee last,
 The last restor'd—the vision of the past!

How like to what thou wert, and art not now!
 Yet, oh, how more resembling what thou art!
 There dwells no cloud upon thy pictur'd brow,
 As sorrow sits no longer in thy heart;
 Gone where its very wishes are at rest,
 And all its throbbings hush'd and aching
 heal'd;

I gaze 'till half I deem thee to my breast
 In thine immortal loveliness reveal'd,
 And see thee, as in some permitted dream,
 There where thou art, what here thou dost but
 seem!

I lov'd thee passing well—thou wert a beam
 Of pleasant beauty on this stormy sea,
 With just so much of mirth as might redeem
 Man from the masings of his misery;
 Yet ever pensive, like a thing from home!
 Lovely and lonely as a single star!
 But kind and true to me, as thou hadst come
 From thine own element, so very far,
 Only to be a cynosure to eyes
 Now sickening at the sunshine of the skies.

It were a crime to weep—'tis none to kneel,
 As now I kneel before this type of thee,
 And worship her who taught my soul to feel
 Such worship is not vain idolatry!
 Thou wert my spirit's spirit, and thou art,
 Though this be all of thee, time hath not rest,
 Save the old thoughts that hang about the heart,
 Like wither'd leaves that many storms hath
 left;

I turn from living looks, the cold, the dull,
 To any trace of thee, the lost, the beautiful!

Broken and bow'd, and wasted with regret,
 I gaze and weep—why do I weep alone?
 I would not, would not if I could, forget—
 But I am all remembrance—it hath grown
 My very being!—will she never speak?
 The lips are parted, and the braided hair
 Seems as it wav'd upon her brighten'd cheek,
 And smile, and everything, but breath, are
 there!

Oh, for the voice that I have staid to hear,
 Only in dreams, so many a lonely year!

It will not be; away, bright cheat, away!
Cold, far too cold to love!—thy look grows
strange;

I want the thousand thoughts that used to play,
Like lights and shadowings, in chequer'd
change;

That smile!—I know thou art not like her now—

Within her land, where'er it be, of light,
She smiles not while a cloud is on my brow;

When will it pass away, this heavy night!

Oh! will the cool clear morning never come,
And light me to her in her spirit's home!

J.

MOST DREADFUL SHIPWRECK.

THE annals of shipwrecks, fertile as they are in heart-rending narratives in all the varieties of woe and suffering, scarcely present an instance of a calamity of the sort more melancholy, and at the same time more revolting, than the loss last month of the *Frances Mary*, a ship of 398 tons, of and from St. John's, New Brunswick, belonging to Capt. Patterson, and consigned to Campbell and Machie, of Liverpool. This vessel was discovered on the 7th of the present month in lat. 44. 43. N. and long. 21. 57. W. by the *Blonde*, Lord Byron, on her return from the Sandwich islands. The *Frances* and *Mary* was a complete wreck and water-logged, and only kept afloat by her cargo of timber; her main-mast and main-top-sail-yard were the only spars standing, and all her boats were washed away. It seldom falls to our lot to have to record such unparalleled and unheard-of sufferings as those which the unfortunate beings of this melancholy and heart-rending circumstance have gone through. Two hours did not elapse from the shipping the first sea, till the whole of the crew and passengers, in all sixteen souls, were compelled to get up in the main-top with only a few pounds of biscuit, where they remained five days; with the remainder of their scanty stock of bread they kept themselves in existence five days more, when, horrible to relate, the cravings of nature, scarcely supplied in any one way for the space of ten days, compelled them to live on the corpses of their deceased fellow sufferers, and drink their blood, and thus for the space of twenty-two days they subsisted in this horrible manner. When they were picked up, their number was reduced to six:—J. Kendall (master), and his wife; John Clarke (mate); John Wilson (carpenter); a seaman of the name of Mac Intire, and a young woman, a passenger, named Ann Saunders. They were in the most deplorable situation when taken on board the *Blonde*, some of them being scarcely able to move, and all being reduced to mere skeletons.

It is scarcely possible to conceive, much less to describe, the intensity of suffering these unfortunate individuals must have gone through. The following melancholy narrative of the occurrences on board the *Frances* and *Mary* is written by one of the survivors of this dire calamity, and is given in his own technical manner:—

"Sailed from St. John's Jan. 18.—Strong gales from W.N.W. which carried away the main-top-mast and mizen-mast head; hove to; got boats' sails in the main-rigging, to keep the ship to the wind. At 11 P.M. shipped a heavy sea, which washed away the cabouse, jolly-boat, and disabled five men.—Feb. 2. Cleared away the wreck, and made sail before the wind; strong breezes.—Feb. 5, 11 A.M. Strong gales, with a heavy sea—clewed the sails up, and hove to—head to the southward; shipped a sea, which carried away the long boat, companion, tiller, unshipped the rudder, the best bower chain, and washed a man overboard, who was afterwards saved. At 11, 10, another heavy sea struck us, which stove our stern in. Cut away our fore-mast, and both bower anchors, to keep the ship to the wind; employed in getting what provisions we could—by knocking the bow port out, saved fifty pounds of bread and five pounds of cheese, which we stowed in the main-top; got the master's wife and female passenger up, whilst we were clearing away below, lightening the ship; most of the people slept in the top; at day-light found Patrick Cooney hanging by his legs from the catharpins, dead, from fatigue; committed his body to the deep.—Feb. 6, at 8 A.M. Saw a strange sail standing toward us; made signal of distress; stranger spoke us, and remained in company twenty-four hours, but received no assistance, the American making an excuse that the sea was running too high. Made a tent of spare canvass on the fore-castle; put the people on a short allowance of a quarter of a biscuit a day.—Feb. 8. Saw a brig to leeward; strong gales.—Feb. 9, 10 A.M. Observed the same vessel to windward; made the signal of distress; stranger bore up and shewed American colours.—Feb. 10. He spoke us, asking how long we had been in that situation, and what we intended to do, if we intended leaving the ship?—Answered yes; he then asked if we had any rigging?—answered yes; night coming on, and blowing hard, saw no more of the stranger; suffered much from hunger and thirst.—On about Feb. 11. Saw a large ship to the Northward; did not speak her; wore head to the Northward; at this time all our provisions were out; suffered much from hun-

ger, having received no nourishment for nine days!—Feb. 21. Departed this life, James Clarke (seaman); read prayers, and committed his body to the deep; we were at this time on half a gill of water a-day, and suffering much from hunger; during the whole period of being on the wreck we were wet from top to toe.—Feb. 22. John Wilson (seaman) died, at 10 A.M.; preserved the body of the deceased; cut him up in quarters, washed them overboard, and hung them on pins.—Feb. 23. J. Moore died, and was thrown overboard, having eaten part of him, such as the liver and heart.—From this date to Saturday, the 5th of March, the following number perished from hunger:—Henry Davis (a Welsh boy); Alexander Kelly, seaman; John Jones, apprentice boy, nephew of the owner; James Frier, cook; Daniel Jones, seaman; John Hutchinson, seaman; and John Jones, a boy: threw the last named overboard, his blood being bitter; also, James Frier, who was working his passage home under a promise of marriage to Ann Saunders, the female passenger, who attended on the master's wife, and who, when she heard of Frier's death, shrieked a loud yell, then snatching a cup from Clerk (mate), cut her late intended husband's throat, and drank his blood, insisting that she had the greatest right to it; a scuffle ensued, and the heroine [the words of the narrator] got the better of her adversary, and then allowed him to drink one cup to her two!—Feb. 26. On or about this day an English brig hove in sight; hoisted the ensign downward; stranger hauled his wind towards us, and hauled his foresail up when abreast of us, kept his course, about one mile distance, set his foresail, and we soon lost sight of him; fresh breeze, with a little rain; the sea quite smooth, but he went off, having shewn English colours; had he at this time taken us off the wreck, much of the subsequent dreadful suffering would have been spared us.—March 7. His Majesty's ship *Blonde* came in sight, and to our relief, in lat. 44. 43. N. long. 21. 57. W. Words are quite inadequate to express our feelings, as well as those which Lord Byron and our deliverers most evidently possessed, when they found they had come to rescue six of their fellow-creatures (two of them females) from a most awful, lingering, but certain death. It came on to blow during the night a fresh gale, which would, no doubt, have swept us all overboard. Lieutenant Gambier came in the ship's cutter, to bring us from the wreck, he observed to us, "you have yet, I perceive, fresh meat," to which we were compelled to reply, "No, Sir, it

is part of a man, one of our unfortunate crew!—It was our intention to put ourselves on an allowance even of this food, this evening, had not you come to our relief." The master's wife, who underwent all the most horrid sufferings which the human understanding can imagine, bore them much better than could possibly have been expected. She is now, although much emaciated, a respectable, good-looking woman, about twenty-five years of age, and the mother of a boy seven years of age. But what must have been the extremity of want to which she was driven, when she ate the brains of one of the apprentices, saying it was the most delicious thing she ever tasted! and it is still more melancholy to relate, the person whose brains she thus was forced by hunger to eat, had been three times wrecked before, but was providentially picked up by a vessel, after being two-and-twenty days on the wreck, water-logged; but, in the present instance, he perished, having survived similar sufferings for a space of twenty-nine days, and then became food for his remaining shipmates! Ann Saunders, the other female, had more strength in her calamity than most of the men: she performed the duty of cutting up and cleaning the dead bodies, keeping two knives in her monkey jacket; and when the breath was announced to have flown, she would sharpen her knives, bleed the deceased in the neck, drink his blood, and cut him up as usual. From want of water, those who perished drank their own urine and salt water: they became foolish, crawling upon their hands round the deck (when they could), and died generally raving mad." Of the survivors at the time they were so unexpectedly rescued by the *Blonde*, it may be said in the language of Milton,

"Dire was the tossing, deep the groans! despair
Tended them—
And over them triumphant, Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope."

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY.*

THE melancholy circumstance of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands

* The most ample details connected with this event will be found in Vol. IV. of the *Mirror*. No. XCV. contains a full description of the Sand-

dying in London, in 1824, while on a visit to this country, must be fresh in the recollection of all our readers. It may also be remarked, that after the bodies of the royal pair had remained some days in St. Martin's church in the Fields, the Blonde frigate, commanded by Lord Byron, the successor in the title to the great bard, was appointed to convey their remains, with the chiefs who had accompanied the King and Queen to England, back to the Sandwich Islands. The Blonde left England in the autumn of 1824. On her arrival at Valparaiso, Mr. Charlton, Consul-General of the Islands in the Pacific, was sent forward to Woahoo, to announce the death of the King and Queen, and the expected arrival of the Blonde, with the bodies. It was regarded as a remarkable circumstance by the natives, that just previous to the period of Mr. Charlton's arrival at Woahoo, certain natural phenomena—such as the extraordinary overflowing and recession of the tide, an eclipse of the moon, &c. had taken place, which impressed them with a belief that some fatality had happened to the King or Queen; similar occurrences being observed when Tamahama the First died—the first sovereign who conquered all the seven islands, brought them under one government, and afterwards ceded them to Vancouver, in 1794. This omen or presentiment was confirmed by Mr. Charlton's arrival.

When the Blonde arrived at Honoruru (the anchorage of Woahoo) in May last, she was immediately saluted by nineteen guns from the fort. The day afterwards, Lord Byron and all his officers had an audience of the Regent (Karaimoku, the brother of Boki, the Governor, who came to England), at his house, at which were delivered, in the presence of all the heads of the nation, the presents sent out by our King.

The present King of the islands is Kaukiali, a lad about eleven years of age, brother of Rio Rio, who died in England. On the 23rd of May (four days after the arrival of the Blonde), at eleven A. M. the bodies of the King and Queen were landed, attended by Lord Byron and all the officers of the Blonde, dressed in their full uniforms. On the arrival of the boats at the landing point, they were placed on two funeral cars, and drawn by native chiefs (about forty to each car), to the late room of audience

with Islands, the amusements, habitations, religious ceremonies of the inhabitants, and a view of the King's Palace; and in Nos. CIII. and CIV. will be found every interesting particular relating to the death of the King and Queen.

belonging to the Prince Regent; the tomb-house not being finished. Kaukiali (brother of the late King) and the Princess Nahienarena were the chief mourners, supported by Lord Byron and the British Consul, the numerous chiefs of the island, and the officers of the Blonde, formed an extensive funeral cavalcade. The Blonde continued at the island about six weeks, during which Lord Byron attended the meetings of the chiefs, who gravely deliberated respecting the succession of the young King and Princess to the throne—as heretofore, might had constituted right. This important matter was, however, very amicably arranged, the heads of the nation and all the chiefs expressing their earnest desire to conform strictly to the laws of legitimacy and consanguinity.

Lord Byron took leave of the King, Regent, and Chiefs, and fulfilled the purpose of his visits to the islands, in the highest degree satisfactory to them, and beneficial to the country. The kindness, grace, and attentions of his lordship to the natives, we are assured, have made the most favourable impression on them of the English character. The Blonde was literally laden with stock and provisions of every description, by the natives, who refused payment for any thing they could supply the ship.

LORD BYRON'S VISIT TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN COOK.

DURING the recent visit of Lord Byron to the Sandwich Islands, in the Blonde, after leaving the remains of the late king and queen at Woahoo, his Lordship proceeded to Owyhee, which is about three days run, to refit. The Blonde anchored in one of the finest bays in the world (now called Byron Bay) which Vancouver was deterred from entering by a coral rock appearing to impede the entrance, but which actually forms its principal security. It is a most safe position, and its rich and beautifully varied scenery, has obtained for it the appellation of "The Eden of the Sandwich Islands." In the neighbourhood of this bay the island is in the highest state of fertility; but the natives are in nearly the same state as they were when Captain Cook discovered them in 1779. An American missionary had arrived there about six months since, whose instructions would, no doubt, advance them in civilization, as those of his brethren had the natives of Woahoo.

Lord Byron afterwards went to Karakokoo Bay, where Captain Cook was unfortunately killed. Here Lord Byron

erected a humble, simple monument to the memory of the great circumnavigator, not on the spot where he was killed, as that was found impracticable, it being under water, but where his body was cut up, on the top of a hill, about a mile from the shore. The natives of the islands having embraced Christianity, the Regent gave permission to Lord Byron to visit the sacred sepulchre, and take therefrom whatever relics of their former religion he wished to possess. The sanctuary was filled with their various gods—"the work of men's hands"—some manufactured of wicker-work and feathers, others carved of wood, with numerous articles which had been made sacred by being offered to them, in acts of gratitude, for success in fishing, hunting, and the other occupations of their simple life. But the article that most struck the visitors, as remarkable, was an English consecrated drum. The temple was despoiled of most of its former sacred treasures, which are brought to England in the *Blonde*.

The *Blonde* left the Sandwich Islands to proceed to Otaheite; but in consequence of the trade winds, she could not fetch it by 500 miles, and therefore made a direct course for the coast of Chili, during which she fell in with Malden's, Husbruck's, and Parry's islands, the two former uninhabited, the latter only known to the inhabitants of Otaheite, and made a wonderful run of 4,500 miles in three weeks, and 7,693 miles in forty-nine days, and 42,500 miles in 313 days.

The dagger with which Captain Cook was killed, is in the possession of a literary gentleman of the *Blonde*, who has collected many new, interesting, and curious particulars relative to his death, and of the past history of these interesting islanders.

The Topographer.

No. XIX.

HASTINGS.

HASTINGS is so well known to every reader of English history, as the scene of action which decided the fate of our Saxon ancestors, and placed the English crown on the head of the victorious William, as to render it superfluous, if not presuming, for us to enlarge upon that subject.

The town is pleasantly situated in a picturesque valley, on the sea-coast, at

* The two armies met at a small village in the vicinity of Hastings, of the name of *Epston*, since called *Battle*.

the eastern extremity of the county of Sussex. It was called by the Saxons *Pyrtunga cearcen*, the latter of which words signifies a town or castle, and owes its origin, according to Camden, to one Hastings, a Danish pirate, "who, where he landed for booty, built sometimes little fortresses." In this opinion, however, he is not supported by any other author; and it is evident that there was a town here some time prior to that period, as appears, "ex *Chronico Doverensis Monasterii*," printed in Dugdale's *Monasticon*,† and likewise in Leland's *Collectanea*; it says, that when Arviragus threw off the Roman yoke, he fortified those places which were most convenient for their invasion; which were doubtless Richborough, Walmer, Dover, and Hastings. And Sharon Turner, in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, informs us, that Offa, king of Mercia, invaded Kent, and obtained a great victory at Otford; and that he also attacked the Hestingi, whom it is most probable were the inhabitants of Hastings. This supposition is confirmed, by a grant of land given by Bertoaldus, one of Offa's generals, to the abbey of St. Dionisius. The charter runs thus: "Concedo etiam per hujus monumenta Cartæ, ad usus Monachorum ibidem Deo famulantium, meæ possessionis portus, qui sunt in eadem civitate super mare; Hastings et Pebensel, cum salinis et omni integritate sua, ut sicut ego possidere videor, sic fratres in ipso Monasterio sanctorum martyrum Deo serventes admodo possideant et disponent, et pro me Deum deprecari dignentur."‡

Hastings, till within this few years, principally consisted of two parallel streets, separated by a small stream, called the Bourne. In the time of the Anglo-Saxons, this town was of such importance, that during the reign of Athelstan, A. D. 925, there was a mint established here. This ancient town, however, was totally overwhelmed by the sea, but the precise time at which this catastrophe happened does not appear. In the reign of Richard III. the French, "whilest they were busied at Winchelsea, sent part of their company unto Hastings, where, finding the towne almost empty, they burnt it;"§ and when rebuilt, it was di-

† Quod quando cepit rebellare Romanis, muniverit terram suam multis castris etmunitionibus et precipice super maritima. Hinc vocaretur conjicendum est, quod illa loca que facilius poterant hostibus firmaverat diligentius; scilicet *Richburg, Walmer, Dover, & Hastings*.—*Dugdale's Monasticon*, vol. II. p. 3.

‡ Dug. Mon. vol. II. p. 208.

§ Stow's Chronicle.

sided into three parishes—St. Clement, All Saints, and St. Mary in the Castle. There was formerly a fine harbour here, but in the time of Elizabeth, the pier was destroyed by a violent tempest. Hastings is the principal of the *Cinque Ports*, whence it derives considerable immunities and privileges, amongst which, the honour of carrying the canopies of the king and queen at their coronations, is none of the smallest.

On the summit of the western cliff stands the ruins of an ancient and venerable castle. At what period this structure was erected, is uncertain; and no mention is made of it either by Leland or Camden. But, from the above-cited passage from the *Chronicles of Dover Monastery*, it appears that there was a building so far back as the time of the Romans. Some antiquarians seem to think that it was erected by William the Conqueror. This, however, does not appear very probable, as he could not have erected a building of such immense strength and magnitude, in so short a time as that previous to the battle, and we know that he left a garrison here, during his march to the metropolis, but it is very likely that he afterwards repaired it. The only vestiges of it now remaining are a few bare walls, which are in some places between seven and eight feet thick, and built chiefly of flint. The area of the castle was of great extent; the principal gateway being on the north side, and not far from it to the westward, are the remains of a small tower and sallyport. It was surrounded on all sides, except on that overhanging the sea, by a *caulum*, sixty feet deep, and one hundred feet wide at the top. Within the walls there was a free royal chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, with a dean and seven prebends. Thomas a Becket was dean of this chapel, in the reign of Henry II. In the time of Edward III. the dean obtained a patent from that prince to build himself a mansion within the precincts of the castle. At the dissolution, the deanery was valued at £20, and the seven prebends at £41. 13s. 5d. The whole was granted to Sir Antony Browne.

In the time of William Rufus, an assembly of the bishops and nobles was held here, to do homage to that king, previous to his departure for Normandy; and on this occasion it was that Archbishop Anselm consecrated Robert de Bloet, Bishop of Lincoln.

This castle was, together with the whole rape of Hastings, conferred by William the Conqueror on Robert, Earl Ew, who was descended from a natural son, of Robert I. Duke of Normandy,

but was afterwards forfeited, by one of that nobleman's descendants in the reign of Henry III. in consequence of a foreign alliance.

In the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, a priory of black canons was founded at this place, by Sir Walter Bricet, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity. Some fragments of the walls are still to be traced, at a farm-house to the west of the town. It is reported, that upon draining a piece of water belonging to the farm, a large sluice and gates were discovered in a hole nearly thirty feet deep, which was probably some reservoir belonging to the priory.

There is preserved in the cathedral church at Bayeux, in Normandy, a piece of tapestry, called "*La toilette du Duc Guillaume*," which represents the transactions between William and Harold, with inscriptions, explanatory of the meaning, and history of the different parts. It is four hundred and forty-two feet in length, and nearly two in breadth, and is supposed to have been the work of Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, and her women. This curious piece of antiquity commences with Harold and his retinue riding to the seashore and embarking, when he is driven on the coast of Normandy, the first inscription being "*HAROLDUS DUX ANGLORUM ET SUI MILITES EQUI-TANT AD BOSHAM*;" and finishes with his death at the battle of Hastings, "*HIC HAROLD REX INTERFECTUS EST*."

SE. R.

The Selector;

OR,
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

PALACE OF CHANS,

AT BAKTSCHISARAY, IN TAURIDA.

AFTER passing through the gate, I found myself in the first court-yard, a spacious parallelogram, of which the shorter side opposite the entrance joins a garden terrace, and the two longer sides are occupied on the left hand by a mosque and domestic offices, and on the right by the palace, which consists of various buildings of different sizes. On this right side, you pass through a gate under the building itself to the inner court, where, on the left hand, there is an iron door, with arabesque ornaments, and a spread eagle over it, which has succeeded to the Turkish crescent. This is the

entrance to the great staircase, over which is the following inscription in Arabic :—

"This gate is governed by the acquirer of this territory, the supreme lord Gadshy-Gerai, son of the Chan Mengli-Gerai-Chan. May God the Lord grant to the Chan Mengli-Gerai, together with his father and mother, happiness, both in this life and in the next."

Over the same door, a little lower, is the following :—

"In the year 959, [the lord of two seas and of two lands, Gaday-Gerai's son, Mingli-Gerai Sultan, Sultan's son, was pleased to command the erection of this magnificent gate."

This door leads into a spacious hall, with a marble floor, on the right side of which there is a broad staircase, leading to the upper apartments. In this hall are two fine fountains, which incessantly pour their waters from the wall into marble basins—one opposite the door, the other on the left hand. Over the latter is the following curious and interesting inscription :—

"Thanks to the Most High God ! The countenance of Baktshisary is again become cheerful, through the benevolent care of the most serene Kerim-Gerai-Chan. With prodigal hand he has appeased the thirst of his country, and endeavours to confer still further benefits, if God gives his aid. By his efforts he has opened a fine stream of water. If there is any other equally beautiful fountain, let it show itself. We have seen the towns of Scham and Bagdad, but have nowhere found so noble a fountain.

"This inscription is composed by a writer named Scheichy. The man tormented by thirst will read through the water, which issues from the pipe as thin as his finger, these words. But what do they announce ? Come drink this transparent water, which flows from the purest source : *it gives health !*"—(If these last words are converted from letters into numbers, they give the year 1176 of the Hegira.)

Over the fountain, opposite the door :

"Kaplan-Gerai-Chan, Gadshy-Selim-Gerai's, the Chan's son. May God forgive them both, the father and the son, their misdeeds. In the year 1176 (of the Hegira)".

Not to pass over anything in the ground-floor, we mention a broad gallery, leading from the left corner of the wall opposite the door to the private chapel of the Chan, over the door of which the following is written :—

"Selamid Gerai-Chan, son of Gadshy-Selim-Gerai-Chan."

Another door on the left hand of the

same gallery is the entrance into a large room, where there are divans against the walls, and a marble fountain in the middle. This delightful retreat must afford a refreshing coolness, during the sultry season, when the mountains round Baktshisary are scorched by the heat. A third door leads to the divan of the Chan, or great council chamber, to which there is another entrance through an antechamber from the great court-yard.

The description of one of the apartments in the upper story will give a sufficient idea of the whole, the only difference between them being the greater or less quantity of ornaments on the walls. As the façade is divided into projections, the principal rooms are lighted on three sides. The only entrance is by a side door, which is not observed, on account of the pilasters in the Arabic style ; between them, along the whole of this dark wall, are closets, which are likewise not to be recognized. Above them, in the better apartments, are windows reaching to the ceiling, between which stand various ornaments modelled in plaster, such as vases with fruits, flowers, or little trees, with different kinds of stuffed birds.

The ceiling, like the dark wall, is of wood, very beautifully wrought : it consists of a thin gilded lattice, worked upon a varnished dark-red ground. The floor was covered with a fine kind of matting, which I have also seen in Spain. As a defence against the heat of the sun in rooms lighted on three sides, the windows, besides having shutters, are glazed with coloured glass, the favourite ornament of the knights' castles, which the Europeans doubtless borrowed from the eastern nations during the crusades. If we add to this general description a divan, that is, cushions which were formerly of silk, placed along the walls, except the dark side, we shall have an idea of the finest apartments in the palace, except three or four, which were fitted up in the European style, for the Empress Catharine II. Of all the parts of this building, the harem of the khan is the most gone into decay.

Opposite the great gate at the end of the court-yard, which is next to the mountains, are terraces in four stages, upon which fruit trees and vines are planted, and from which transparent fountains fall from one stage to another into some reservoirs. But this fine work, like all the monuments in Taurida, presents only the image of desolation. One cannot but regret the water, which is the greatest treasure of this country ; many of the pipes are stopped up, and several of the springs have entirely disappeared.

Cabinet of Foreign Voyages.

THE HOLY LAND.—LENT.— THE PLAIN OF JERICHO.

I LEFT Jerusalem by the gate of St. Stephen, crossed the valley of Jehoshaphat, passed the garden of Gethsemane, ascended the Mount of Olives, and reached the village of Bethany, two miles distant from the city where I visited the tomb of Lazarus, 60 feet under ground, which appears to accord with the description of the Evangelist. In a wall here is an aperture three feet in breadth formed by the raising of a large stone as if by some convulsion of nature, through which I crept, and entered an arched vault, said to be the spot where the body was laid, which I found to be 14 feet in length, 10 in breadth, and 8 in height. I afterwards descended a valley; the road was then through the mountains, rugged and solitary, where desolation and silence is spread around; a country more favourable for the attacks of banditti, and dens better calculated for concealment can hardly be imagined, and I had passed the track where the individual alluded to by our Lord had encountered a band of robbers on his way to Jericho, and received the attention of the Good Samaritan.

I came now to a terrible desert surrounded with mountains, tossed and jumbled in the wildest possible confusion by some violent agitation of nature. On one of these which is of great altitude, or to use the words of the Evangelist, "an exceeding high mountain;" it is said that our Saviour after being baptized in Jordan was led and tempted by the devil. Various yawning caverns or cells in horrible precipices are to be seen, the abode of the religious, which they inhabit particularly during the period of Lent, after the rigorous example of fasting a certain period in the wilderness, triumphing over the vanities of this life and the powers of hell. The wildness, awful silence, and sterility of this most extensive wilderness is truly striking, where not a tree is to be seen to shade from a burning sun, or the notes of a bird to be heard. Perhaps a situation more completely secluded or shut out as it were from the world, and better adapted for the votaries of abstinence cannot be pointed out on the face of the globe.

A short way further the great plain of Jericho and surrounding country of inexpressible grandeur burst into view. I stood rivetted to the spot on this most commanding eminence; but it is altogether impossible to describe the sensations that I experienced at the moment. The plain is in the form of a semi-circle.

On the east where the Jordan runs, it is bounded by the mountains of Pisgah, from which the children of Israel had the first view of the land of promise, and where the ashes of Moses repose. On the west by a chain of mountains, at the foot of which Jericho is situated. On the south the plain appears to the eye almost boundless, and at the northern extremity of it is the vast lake or dead sea, in awful silence covering Sodom, Gomorrah, and the other cities which had been destroyed by the powerful arm of Almighty vengeance, and has been recorded in the book of inspiration in infinite wisdom, as a fearful warning to countries involved in sin and wickedness. He that hath ears to hear let him hear.—*Travels in the Holy Land, by Wm. Rae Wilson. Esq.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

REFINEMENTS.

AY, ay, "*tempora mutantur*," times change, and so do men, and so does everything. This is an old chant, and many find in it cause for rejoicing; but a sexagenarian, like myself, with the crow's-foot gathering in the corner of his eye, and a pole plentifully diversified with grey hairs; who has lived in the bustle of life, and enjoyed its hurly burly, looks with more complacency on the rougher manners of the last century, than the boasted refinements of this. Refinements forsooth! and in what do they consist? why in acting, saying, and doing everything in so modish a manner, that the exact contrary is presented to the eye and ear from what is intended. There's little ——— a fellow as black as a coal, and as bristly as a bear, who cannot utter two syllables without perverting our plain broad Saxon English, into the wihy-washy phraseology of a boarding-school Miss; who will discourse you about a *cyard*, a *gyarder*, a *cyart*, and suchlike niminy piminy;—pah! how sickening this is to our octocenturian ears! Then we have refinements in houses, in clothing, in eatables, and the Lord knows what; our domiciles, which in my days were nearly a yard thick, are now refined to the slender proportions of a card-house where the wind sings "rude bores" through every corner, doors, windows, skylights and all; and the whole fabric tumbles about your head before one-third part of the said term of 99 years has sunk into eternity. By the bye, all the new buildings in the Regent's Park, and

"elsewhere to our knowledge," ought to have their doors returned in the assessor's book as window-lights; for the sun and the day shine through the chinks in their pannels, as cheerily as a man peeps through his own eyelids. Then there's the Metropolitan Dairy Company, who have refined the fine, thick, yellow Alderney cream, to a thin and delicate potation of sky-blue.—Heigh ho! old October; the creamy nut-brown John Barleycorn, languishes into small beer—Claret usurps the place of glorious old Oporto—and gin and water tips the go-by to a flagon of asquebaugh.—Prize-fighters grow pea-green—coachmen drink toast and water—foxhunters pass the bottle—soldiers sip ratifé—and fools chew opium; mind, it's all refinement.

The next evil, which arises from this same fount, is that of laying to the ground all the barriers, which were wont to separate the different degrees of rank and station, and keep them distinct from each other. Not that mankind are one whit less tenacious of their rank, than they were heretofore; or that pride is less busy from Whitechapel to Hyde Park Corner, with the heartstrings of the shopkeeping nation. Yet so it is, that notwithstanding the strong impulse which every one feels to maintain his own consequence, notwithstanding the eternal struggle to rise in rank, as well as wealth; this exquisite refinement has blended all distinctions—the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange, butchers, bakers, and cheesemongers, are all Esquires—bricklayers, in Burton Crescent, are architects—acting, banking, cozening, and pickpocketing, are all professions—every apothecary is a surgeon—every lawyer's clerk, a solicitor—every butcher, a meat purveyor—the gallows, a new drop—coffee-houses are all hotels—chop-houses, coffee-rooms—and smoking-shops, divans. Nor is this all. Everything has a new name, which few can understand, and none pronounce without breaking their teeth. If you happen to be in a hurry, and run foul of a pole, which turns your optics inside out, it is surmounted by a placard directing your attention to a Diorama, a Panorama, a Cosmorama, or a Poecllorama. At each turning of the street you stumble upon an Eldouranion, or an heptaphaisiosopton. How the scarnel sound grates and grits against one's teeth! Musical instruments are Grecian to their backbone—harmonicons, panharmonicons, and Apollonicons—oils and washes are calydors—immodest books, calygonomias; to say nothing of your aurists, ophthalmists, and chiropedists—your seminaries for young ladies, and academies for young gentlemen,

where "them as larns manners pays hextra two-pens a week."

But, I would endure all this without a murmur, absurd as it is, if the mischief stopped here; if the pruning knife of refinement were content with committing its ravages amongst the full grown trees. In that case the harm that it did would not affect the stamina and vital strength of the plant—it might disfigure it for a while, and it might, as it has in some cases, improve and beautify it. But when we turn to the saplings, the young and vigorous shoots, which nature has put forth, and which merely want the assistance and fostering care, not the refinement of art, to cherish their growth and form their character, the picture is sadly changed, the more wofully, because its effects are more potent. I say that I am sorry to see this, because schoolboy impressions stick to a man through life—he never can entirely rid himself of them; and his after opinions and actions will always be correspondent to the manners and habits imbibed in early years—this will be great and good, upright and manifold, stern and unyielding; or shrewd, little, effeminate, and unprincipled, just as the manners of the boy have been taught,—to be open, free, and frank-hearted; or else, crafty, calculating, and cold-hearted. I do not pretend to argue this, because I imagine no one will gainsay it; and I imagine it equally allowed on all hands, that with those who received a public education, the character of the man, at least all its proud outlines, are displayed in the schoolboy—who doubts it? The boy who has his pocket always full of marbles, who is ever protruding his clenched fist into his companion's face with "odd or even?" who sucks his favourite taw, whilst he should be saying his lesson, and is never to be seen unless chalking out a ring, or at "knuckle down,"—does any one doubt what that lad will turn out? All men mark him for a gambler.—When I was a youngster, you might have seen me marching through Windsor, with a rough terrier at my heels, a hat with its crown and brim indented like a quart pot, a perfect polygon in shape; a pair of trousers half up my legs, patches at my knees, and holes at my elbows. Consequently, I am a sloven in the autumn of my years. But your "*parvus Julius*" of the present day, decks himself out in a frock coat, and crisped socks, and white kid gloves—he is as weak as water, and as squeamish as a boarding-school Miss—he will be an old woman when he should be a man. All this comes from the refining system, because the pedagogues of the nineteenth

century seem to think that a broken spirit, or what we used to call a "jack pudding," is the fittest subject for bringing to maturity the culture bestowed upon him by his corporeal pastor and master. For my own part, I am inclined to think such discipline "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

The next horror which kindles my zeal, is the absurd fashion of magnifying things, which are ordinary or insignificant in themselves, into dignity and importance.

Of advertising and puffs it recks me not—that is an old grievance, and so rusted in with the habits of Johnny Bull, that he could not be happy without them. It serves trade, catches gulls, and exercises the wits of lottery-office keepers and playhouse managers.—*European Mag.*

Miscellanies.

CAPTAIN RIOU.—PATRIOTISM.

WHEN Lord Nelson sailed for Copenhagen, and the destination of the fleet was sufficiently known, some Danish sailors, who were on board the Amazon frigate, went to Captain Riou, and requested that he would get them exchanged into a ship bound on some other service; they had no wish, they said, to quit the British navy, but they entreated that they might not be led to fight against their country. There was not in the British navy a man who had a higher or more chivalrous sense of honour and duty, than Riou. The tears came into his eyes while the men were addressing him; he ordered his boat instantly, and did not return to the Amazon till he had procured their exchange. It was in this action that the gallant Riou fell. The frigates were hauling off, and at the moment the Amazon showed her stern to the enemy, he was killed. Almost his last words were an expression of regret at being obliged to retreat. "What," said he, "will Nelson think of us?"

BONAPARTE'S GRAVE.

LIEUTENANT LANGDON touched at St. Helena on the 22nd of November, 1825, and visited the burial place of Napoleon Bonaparte, and also the house at Longwood. The house where Bonaparte resided is now converted into a granary. The drawing-room in which he died has a thrashing-machine in it; his billiard-room is filled with potatoes and straw, and his bath is a stable. He lies buried at the head of a deep ravine, about 100 yards to the left, at three miles' distance

from St. James's Town, on the road to Longwood, in a small spot of ground (about a quarter of an acre), covered with English grass, and surrounded by a strong wooden paling. Seven weeping willows hang over his grave, which is covered with a plain stone slab, surrounded by iron railings, five feet high. Inside of this, some of the small flowers, Forget-me-not, were placed by Madame Bertrand, but they never grew. An old soldier resides near, and has orders to prevent people from going inside, in consequence of some French officers who had lately been there having taken off several branches from the willows, as a memento of their former Sovereign. Bonaparte was particularly fond of this spot when in health, and often retired to it to read, sitting upon the body of one of the trees, which grows out in a horizontal direction, and shaded by the foliage of the others. He often expressed a wish to be buried there if he died at St. Helena, and government would not permit his body to be conveyed to Europe. His heart is placed upon his coffin in a silver urn. The owner of the land receives 50*l.* from Government during the time the body remains there.

CURIOSITIES IN ENTOMOLOGY.

THE Dragon Fly is so voracious, as to eat a fly given to it whilst held by the wings between a man's fingers.—Silk stockings have been made of the bags of the garden spider; thirteen of these bags made 4 oz. of silk, and 3 oz. of silk made a pair of stockings for a man, much stronger in the thread than that of the silk-worm. Spiders always form the outer thread to their web of several lines, by distilling from their teats, and twisting their rope. A spider was kept under a glass by Mr. Vaillant ten months without food; yet he was strong enough to conquer and devour a full fed one of his own species. The jumping spider catches its prey like a lion. The water spider lives in a bubble of air of its own forming. The male forms another, and contrives to unite it with that of the female, and throw it into one house.—The Tarantula spider lives about a year, and lays 730 eggs.—There are some bird-catching spiders; burrowing spiders, which make a door with hinges; and some, says Damier, as big as a man's fist, the fangs of which are used for tooth and pipe pickers. There is a species of spider which always envelops its prey in its web before he devours it. The female (which in all insects is the largest) seems the most powerful; the male inhabits the extre-

unity of the same web, and they seem to be co-partners in the spoil.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

THE LIFE OF A CHIMNEY SWEEP.

THE following is a dialogue between a chimney-sweep and a gentleman who employed him; the sweep had just sent a youngster up the chimney, and was holding a sooty screen over the fire-place, to prevent the soot from scattering about the room:—

Q. How old is that little boy?—A. Why that ere boy's eight now. He's a been a chimbley-sweep these two years. He always said when he were five year old, that he'd never be nothing else.

Q. How does he like it now?—A. Oh, very well. Why, do you know that ere boy be better off nor I am. He gets money given to him, and he spends it all o' Sundays. I've been twelve years a sweep myself, and I gits only half-a-crown a week, and a shilling o' that goes for my washing.

Q. How often do you wash yourselves?—A. Oh! only o' Saturday night.

Q. Where do you sleep? Do you sleep on straw?—A. No! we sleeps on mattresses and feather beds.

Q. Then you don't wash before you go to bed?—A. No; but we shakes ourselves.

Q. How many of you sleep in a bed?—A. Why there's five of them ere little ones sleeps in one bed. We only has four in ours. We sleeps just as sound as you do, Sir.

I don't doubt it. Well, I'll pay for your washing this week; there is a shilling for you.

EPIGRAM.

KNEW Kitty kiss'd her husband with these words,

"Mine own sweet WILL, I dearly love thee!"

"If true," quoth WILL, "the world no such affords;

And that 'tis true I dare his warrant be,
For ne'er heard I of woman, good or ill,
But always dearly lov'd her own sweet WILL."

EPIGRAM.

"LAST week I heard, friend Edward, thou wast dead."

"I'm very glad to hear it too," cries Ned.

A COCKNEY in a crowd said to a gentleman close to him, "Vy do you push so?" To which the gentleman (who was a scholar) replied, "Sine vi nulla via est."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL articles intended for the present Number are unavoidably deferred insertion, in order to give place to others of a temporary character, such as the dreadful shipwreck of the *Frances and Mary*, the *Voyage to the Sandwich Islands*, &c.

The biographical memoirs sent by J. R. J. shall have early insertion. We assure him his suggestion was attended to as promised in No. CLXXIV; the omission was that of the printer, and there was not time to alter it. If he remains in town, Dr. Gilchrist, the learned Orientalist, in Clarges-street, will, we are sure, readily give him the explanation he wishes respecting his seal.

The *Commercial Melody* has, we believe, appeared in print recently.

We confess ourselves not very deeply skilled in mathematics, and would refer our *Baywater*, correspondent and his coin to Mr. Combe, the keeper of the coins at the British Museum, who, from his well-known urbanity, will, we are confident, give him every information on the subject. It shall be left at Mr. Limbird's for Mr. B. in a few days; in the mean time we will try our skill on it.

Some mislaid articles by *Utopia*; P. T. W.; F. R. Y.; and *Jacobus*, have been found, and, with some of their recent communications, shall have insertion.

Weber's First Appearance; *Timotheus*; G. L.; A. B. C.; *Hampstead*, by G. W. N.; J. H.; *Peruvian Adoration*; *The Sailor*; *Jacobi*; *The Village Funeral*; *Lines to a Sparrow*; *Julian*, are all intended for insertion, and some of them very early.

In answer to Mr. George Hood, we beg to inform him, that the Greeks requested the heart of Lord Byron with a view to place it in a mausoleum in the country for whose liberation it last beat; but it was deposited in an urn, and is with the remains of the Noble Bard in Hacknall Church.

We feel much obliged to Capt. L. for his drawings, but we fear there is only one we could use.

The following communications have been received, and are under consideration:—*A Serenade*; *Margaret of the Mill*; *The Haunted Chamber*, J. J. H.; G. T.; *A Young Begonia*; C. Newman; B. Y. L.; F. W. J.; *Sironian*; W. H. H.; J. E.

We fear there may be a few correspondents whose communications yet remain unnoticed; but we shall endeavour to decide on them very soon.

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